

Good Morning 645

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



FROM Enid Swan, telephone supervisor at the Battersea G.P.O. exchange, I hear that a group of her colleagues would like to adopt a submarine.

Enid is a very nice girl, and you have her address! And talking of adoptions, are there any submarines not yet adopted? Let me know if there is anything we can do in this direction.

THE Call of the West was submitted by C.P.O. Len Ashman, Regulating Coxn., H.M.S. "Forth." I'm sick of the Chink and the Tartar; I'm sick of the Jap and Malay; And far away spots on the chart are No place for yours truly to stay.

I've had enough undersized chicken, And milk that comes out of a can. The East is no region to stick in, For this one particular man.

I'm weary of curry and rice, all Mingle with highly spiced dope; I'm weary of bathing with Lysol, And washing with Carbolic soap.

I'm tired of itch skin diseases, Mosquitoes and vermin and flies; I'm fed up with tropical breezes And sunshine that dazzles my eyes.

Oh, Lord, for a wind with a tingle, An atmosphere 'zestful and keen. Oh, Lord, once again to mingle, With crowds that are white folk and clean.

To eat without fear of infection, To sleep without using a net; And throw away all my collection Of iodine, quinine, etcet. To hear all the noise and clamour,

The hurry and fret of the West, I'd trade all the Orient's glamour That damn lying poets suggest.

They sing of the East as enthralling, That's why I started to roam; But I hear the occident calling, Oh, Lord, but I want to go home.

SEEMS all the staff were home the other evening—four or five notes on my desk say they heard the Crosby sing "Song of the Islands" for Leading Telegraphist Hood of H.M. Submarine "Safari." Is Bing the favourite pastedown boy in the trade?

A.B. RUPERT Harrison—you must be a Londoner—glad to hear from a townie again. London is getting better every day—most of the foreigners have gone away, and now the occupation is over, the old smoke is almost like the old days.

You mentioned Yanks—I can't always be outspoken in the matter of my personal feelings—suffice to say that I agree with you? They are doing a good job in France and London is different without them.

About the pin-up lovelies—you have no idea how difficult it is to get pictures of British girls. No doubt millions of them have what it takes, but they seem to keep it well covered. However, we will try even harder.

Now about the family stories—when our staff call around at your front door they do so with a view to getting the friendly co-operation of your relatives. They have definite instructions that they must send in just the things the folk at home ask them to say. To each of us there is only one home—some have bigger homes than others—but that is our individual concern, and anyway, the biggest is infrequently the best.

KILLER SHOOK HANDS SHOT LEADERS DEAD

WELL, there it was—open, bloody revolt in the penitentiary that was the pride of Colorado!

How the newspapers came into it and got the kick-off at the very start was just a bit of luck. Warden Crawford had gone that afternoon into Colorado Springs to see Chief Harper of the police there. He also intended to get to Denver. But while he was sitting in Harper's office the telephone buzzed.

It was from the prison. They had been trying to locate him, and the voice of his deputy roused him. The voice said: "We are having trouble here. Goodwin's been shot. So have others. The cons. have captured some guards and are holding them in No. 3 Cell House."

And the voice stopped, while Warden Crawford rapped out questions to which there was no answer.

But the voice came again. This time it said: "The chapel and mess hall are burning! Hell's broke loose!"

Warden Crawford listened. No more messages. The line was dead.

"Chief," said Crawford swiftly, "somebody's turned the pen into a hell-hole."

"I'll bet," replied Chief Harper, "that Danny Daniels is back of that."

The Warden tore out of the office and got into his car. He flashed through Colorado Springs on top gear; and no warden can do that and get away with it from the newspapermen—not out there.

A call went out to Denver. In ten minutes we had the outline of the story. More cars roared out, and I was in one. Joe McMeel, of the "Post," was there, too. And others. If Warden Crawford broke

the record for that drive, we had been set up and were nearly broke Crawford's record. In less than two hours we were racing up the final slope overlooking Canon City; and we saw smoke coming up from behind the trees. That smoke came from the prison; and down below the smoke were flames.

Canon City was already an armed camp. The streets were blocked with citizens. Governor Adams had been called by the Deputy Warden, Colonel Newlon, of the National Guard, had been called, and had ordered out company after company.

A battery from Pueblo was on its way up the forty-mile trail of Arkansas valley. Fire-fighters were there already. Governor Adams dispatched squads of police to the spot. Armed men were everywhere. Military lines had been established, patrolmen were on sentry-go.

Things had been happening in the interval. The first news we got was that fifteen guards had been captured by the revolters and were held inside the prison. Firing was going on, the flames had already consumed the mess hall, which was a black skeleton. The chapel was gutted.

Warden Crawford was talking over the situation with his guards and advisers. One plan was to drop bombs on the prison; but bombs would almost surely kill the guards held there, too. Machine-guns

had been set up and were rattling away at the windows of the cell houses. But no convict appeared. In the midst of the talk someone shouted that a man was coming through the smoke, his hands high. The figure came nearer, then stopped. "I wanta speak to the Warden," he said. "You're speaking," said Crawford. "What's on your mind?"

One of the newspapermen shouted, "That's Slippery Dell Hanlon, a lifer."

"You bet it's me," retorted Dell calmly. "Listen, Warden, I've come with a message. He says you are to have two fast cars at the West Gate within half an hour. He says there are to be no phony tricks. The cars are to be filled with gas and ready for the road. You've to call off your militiamen."

"Who says all this?" "Danny," said Slippery Dell. "That's what Danny says. And if you don't the guards inside will be shot one by one."

"And what then?" "The cons. will throw the corpses out by the West Gate to show you."

"Dell," said the Warden, "I'd like to have a word with you. Will you step into the office?"

Dell shook his head. "Warden, I ain't in this. Honest. But at this present moment there are guns trained

on me from the cell house, and if I made a move to step into your office I'd not get far. Get me?"

The Warden considered shortly, and then rapped out, "Go back and tell these men I can't treat with criminals."

"Warden, think of the guards."

No answer from Warden Crawford. Dell walked back. A minute after he entered the prison a shot rang out. Then another. And a little later two bodies were hurled from a doorway opposite West Gate. They were the bodies of guards. The convicts had kept their word.

But this couldn't go on. There were other incidents I haven't space to tell, but you've got to consider that the shooting at the prison was going on all the time, and the flames were eating at building after building.

The military and police came to the conclusion that one way to attack was to blow a wall facing west with dynamite. They had plenty of the stuff.

"It's an idea," said Warden Crawford, "but who's to take the dynamite? If a man walked over the cobbles, a bullet... or he might stumble... he'd be blown to bits. It's too terrible to think about."

"Not so terrible, Gene," broke in a voice in that room. "Not so bad if a man is prepared to meet his God."

Every eye was turned on the speaker. He was big, brawny Father Patrick O'Neill, a prison chaplain. He sat puffing at a cigar coolly.

"Why, Gene," he said, "I'm a single man. I could carry that load of dynamite, easy. I'll take it. And if I don't lay it where you want—if I don't, then a merciful Saviour will have mercy on me. That's all, boys."

But it wasn't quite all. For just then another convict came out through the smoke, hands above his head.

It was Joe Schillo, another lifer. He came right up to the administration building. The door was opened and he rushed inside.

And as he did so two more shots rang out from the prison. "That's two more dead," said Schillo to the Warden. "That's Wiggins and Eccles shot dead—them shots!"

"What do you mean?" "Danny said that if I didn't return he'd shoot them. He saw me come inside here. He knew I wouldn't go back. So he shot them. See?"

Just like that. Schillo had saved his own bacon, but at the price of two guards.

"Who's back of this mess?" demanded the Warden.

"Well, Red Majors has a gun, so has Davis. And another one or two. And Danny is telling them what to do. And James Pardue is lying in a bunk, shot and in a bad way. I reckon it was Guard Goodwin that shot Pardue."

"How did they get the guns?"

"They drilled holes through the ventilator shaft. The guns were hidden in Pardue's cell. They've got plenty ammunition, too. They'll never give in."

The Warden strode up and down the room, then turned to the priest.

"Father Pat, I guess you'll have to carry that dynamite."

I never saw a man take it so easily. Father Pat rose, re-lit his cigar, and said simply, "Of course. I'm ready."

I saw him go down and join the militia. I saw him lift a load of dynamite sticks and step towards the yard. And at that moment a terrible fusillade from the machine-guns sprayed the cell house, and kept on spraying. The military were diverting the attention of the convicts.

The dynamite was carried

Stuart Martin tells the end of DANNY DANIELS

the record for that drive, we had been set up and were nearly broke Crawford's record. In less than two hours we were racing up the final slope overlooking Canon City; and we saw smoke coming up from behind the trees. That smoke came from the prison; and down below the smoke were flames.

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Learning "Drummer Boy," For P.O. George Smith

YOUR wife, P.O. George Hedley Smith, greeted us at the door when we called at 6, St. Blanes Drive, Bankhead, Glasgow.

Colin, she said, is growing a fine big boy, is now walking and can say Dad and Mum.

He is following in Dad's footsteps as he sits up at the piano and gives Mother and Granny a tune, but he can't play the "Little Drummer Boy" yet.

Betty says your people are all well at home and are also looking forward to seeing young Colin for the first time. Hedley already goes to Sunday School (and thoroughly disorganises it) and in September will be going to school, much to mother's relief, and she rather wishes Colin could go too.

Granny says "How's the old Scud getting on out there, and hurry up and get back home before your two young rips put more grey hairs on her head and completely smash up

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Ron Richards

(Continued on Page 3)

Rockets in the Street of Song

ONE of the oldest firms in musical instruments, as well as around the mellow street of song is Keith Prowse and Company. It boasts a history of nearly 150 years of honest and upright trading—an enviable record to which any business house might be proud to establish a claim.

R. W. Keith was well known as a maker of flutes and other musical instruments as far back as the latter part of the 18th century. His shop was then in Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London; in 1780 he moved to Cheapside, and by 1820 the business had so materially increased that Mr. Keith took to himself a partner, a William Prowse, Devonshire born.

Ten years of this happy Scots-British combination earned them recognition as leading City of London makers of pianofortes, organs, mechanical instruments, and novelties in accordions and English concertinas.

But the publishing and selling of music was already an established proceeding with this firm, and thus it has been for some hundred years that Keith Prowse have traded as music publishers in London.

One of the earliest compositions to be launched under their banner was the time-honoured popular song, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," the title-page of which bears the imprint of the old Cheapside shop. Since then the firm have published hundreds of songs that have won favour not in Britain alone, but the world over—popular songs, ballads, classical music—in fact, music appealing to every taste.

The original deeds of the foundation of Chappells are dated 1810, and partner with Chappell and Latour then was J. B. Cramer, the famous composer and pianist.

Like Keith Prowse, Chappell and Co. started business with

musical instruments, as well as classical and educational music. Chappells were music sellers to King George IV, they were intimately concerned with the formation of the Philharmonic Society, and it was to Chappells that Beethoven wrote in 1819 asking a friend to submit his new compositions, since he understood that this was one of the best publishers in the English Capital.

A notable activity unconnected with music was the promotion by this firm of the country-wide readings by Charles Dickens, which proved an enormous success.

There was "popular" dance music eighty years ago, even as now, and Chappells were prominently identified with it, along with the celebrated dance writer Charles D'Albert, father of Eugen D'Albert.

The "Pop" concerts of that

day were the stoutly patronised affairs held in St. James's Hall, a famous rendezvous of the day for London's music-lovers. Chappells both built the hall and founded the concerts, which ran for 46 years—until 1904.

Shortly afterwards, the firm published the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and the George Edwardes' productions, which probably every Londoner went to see.

To-day's generation associates Chappells with the Queen's Hall and, rightly, because it was there that were constantly sung and played so many of the songs and ballads by eminent composers which were

sponsored by this old firm.

I imagine that the Chappell ramifications are literally unbounded; certainly they include tireless enterprise in the fields of theatrical productions, songs and ballads, the lighter orchestral and dance music, as well as the widest possible compass of educational music publications, and operatic ventures from "The Bohemian Girl" to Gounod's "Faust."

The amalgamation some 15 years ago of the two great houses of Boosey and Hawkes must have stirred many memories in the minds of those who knew these firms in the old days. But one has to dig very deep in the chronicles of music to find the roots of the Boosey branch of the business.

Thomas Boosey began as a bookseller, and it was on his Continental quests for foreign editions that the idea came to him of setting-up a special music department to handle the Continental commissions that he was constantly receiving for the sale of music in England.

Of the fact that he subsequently sold any amount of it there is evidence galore in Boosey's catalogue of the early 19th century, which included the names and works of Hummel, Romberg, de Beriot, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi.

The first cheap edition of the classics, a catalogue of English songs which is probably without rival, the National Song Book produced at the express suggestion of the Board of Education, Boosey's world-famed instruments—these are just some of the classic creations of the Company which sent one of its

TIN PAN ALLEY

No. 4. By Martin Thornhill

members to Chappells largely to run the famous "London Ballad Concerts" in that firm's equally celebrated St. James's Hall, where the world's greatest tenor, Sims Reeves, used to sing to the lasting delight of London audiences.

Fusion of Hawkes and Son with Boosey and Co. made an ideal partnership, introducing a wide and valuable experience from the dual spheres of practical instrumentals and musical arrangements.

From the firm of Boosey and Hawkes, which is synonymous with so much that is worth while in music, have issued an endless stream of songs, marches and orchestral works of which the years have failed to dim the popularity—Friend o' Mine, the Kashmiri Song, Until, Love's Old Sweet Song, Sullivan's Lost Chord, Come into the Garden, Maud, Nirvana Star of Bethlehem, in the Shadows, Colonel Bogey, Merchant of

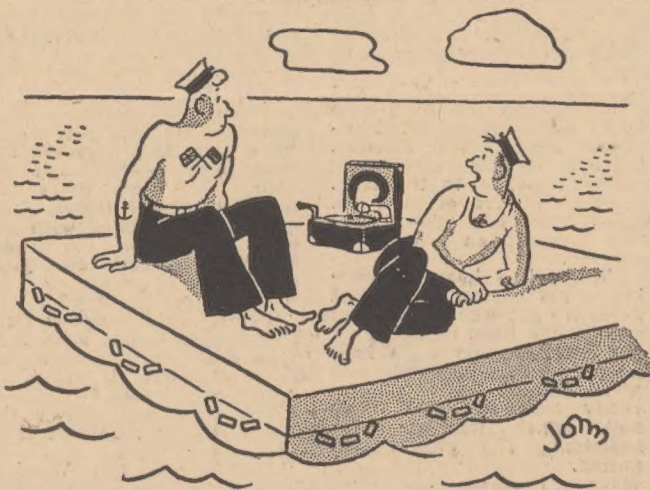
Venice, Bucalossi's Grasshopper Dance, Wee Macgregor, March of the Bowman . . .

And so the spirit of song marches on, its navigators, mostly after a life-time of study of its vagaries, convinced that whatever successes a publisher may have, his business needs the stabilising support of old and standard works.

And yet, so fickle is the public taste, that with a few successes a young publisher may ascend like a rocket to riches and renown, even though it may generally mean a swift return to comparative obscurity when the early bloom has left the initial success.

ALEX CRACK

"The other day I popped into the grocer's for some butter, and when I got 'ome Cuthbert asked me if I'd got fresh. Well, I admit me bonnet was just a bit on one side."



"Two hundred records on board, and you had to save Handel's 'Water Music'!"

QUIZ for today

1. A vettura is an Austrian assassin, Italian carriage, Spanish window, Portuguese wine-bottle?
2. How many halfpennies, laid side by side, measure six inches?
3. How do you pronounce the towns of Eyam, Eype, and Faugh?
4. What part of England is

known as "Constable's Country"?

5. What American zoologist descended three-fifths of a mile into the Atlantic Ocean in a steel sphere, and when?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?
31, 62, 84, 26, 13, 39, 93.

Answers to Quiz in No. 644

1. Russian card game.
2. Three.
3. "Hob-iss," "Kon-op."
4. Gainsborough.
5. A. H. Becquerel, about 1890.
6. Dinah does not mean "Gift of God"; others do.

Tales of Taverns

Eye Lotion with Your Beer

IF a pal from overseas—or, for that matter, any other pal—should want to do the round of London taverns with teasing tales to tell, you might introduce him to the "Green Man," Edgware Road, where it has been a custom for the licensee to dispense eye lotion free with the beer.

People from all over the place have made the trip down to Edgware Road to see if the yarn about the pub that gives away eye lotion is just "eyewash." The gift goes back to the days of the original "green man," an old herbalist who lived on the site and discovered the well in the grounds.

Bottling the elixir, the green man dispensed it to the poor of the neighbourhood, and so famous did it become that his name was perpetuated in the public-house.

People sent requests, with remittances, from various parts of the country, as well as abroad, so it was decided that only personal applications could in future be honoured.

About forty years ago, construction of the Edgware Road Tube Station diverted the water and the well dried up. But the licensee took the precaution of having a portion of his stock analysed, and it became possible to make up the lotion from the prescription.

From the analyst's report, it was found that the water contained zinc deposits, accounting for its soothing influence on the eyes.

To have to hand out bottles of eye lotion adds yet another to a publican's many worries, not the least of which is often concerned with the care, humoring and dispensing of the beer itself.

It saves a lot of bother to be able to turn on a tap in the bedroom and help yourself to beer as you please.

They do it in an hotel in Copenhagen, and the service is a big draw even in that land of much beer and many gadgets. The only fly in the ointment is that a device rather like an electric meter measures the amount of beer you draw.

M. T.

"Here's a cheque for a thousand kisses," wrote a man to his wife while she was on holiday.

"Thanks for the cheque," she wrote back. "The cashier at this hotel has cashed them, the darling!"

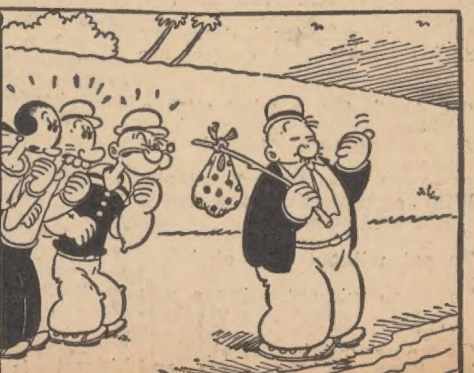
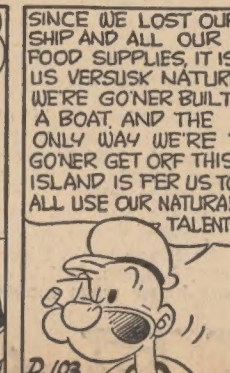
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 584

- 1. Behead corresponds and get ceremonies.
- 2. Here are two short prov-erbs whose words, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Can you disentangle them?
Tel god shi yerve peelgins eli yad gods sha.
- 3. What girl's name has I for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:
He was playing — when his horse tossed him into the —

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 583

- 1. H-eat.
- 2. One man's meat is another man's poison.
- 3. PAMELA.
- 4. Tires, rites.

JANE

Gunman Danny Daniels

(Continued from Page 2) Danny shot them." He meant over the stones and laid in position. Not a bullet came near the priest, although they sang over his head. He turned and ran for cover.

A man with a plunger stepped on it. A sheet of flame flew up the wall, a roar filled our ears; smoke, dust, clouds of debris were everywhere. When it cleared it was seen that the dynamite had not done the job. All it had done was to gouge an immense hole in the ground and shake the wall; but the wall stood, scarred and battered.

I have no space to detail other things. But for thirteen hours the convicts withstood the attacking forces. And then a guard staggered out of the prison, his face covered with blood, fell on his knees and went into hysterics.

"They're all dead inside," he moaned. "They're all dead."

Danny shot them." He meant over the stones and laid in position. Not a bullet came near the priest, although they sang over his head. He turned and ran for cover.

No more shots from inside. None at all. The military entered. So did we. Some floors were slippery with blood. Death and devastation everywhere. Doors torn from hinges, furniture burned and blackened, ceilings down. A mess.

In one cell, a convict, numbed with terror, stood trembling. Daylight was breaking.

"It finished at 4 a.m.," he told us after we let him cool down. "Danny had been walking up and down the corridor. Suddenly he turned to Red Majors and Alf Davis and took them into the cell where Pardue lay. "Boys," said Danny, "we've lost the fight. What about it?"

"Pardue spoke up and said, 'Danny, finish me and come with me.'"

"And Red Majors and Davis said the same thing.

"Then Danny asked them to stand up, and he shot them, first Davis, then Majors, after shaking their hands. And then he went over to Pardue and said, 'Jimmy, I hate to do it, but Pardue said, 'Danny, be a pal and come with me.'"

"And Danny said, 'I'm comin', Jimmy.' And he put his gun to Pardue's head and fired. And Jimmy was smiling all the time.

"And then Danny walked up and down a bit, and said to me, 'Well, my pals are gone. The guards, eight of them, are dead, too. I'll end it. I'm coming, Jimmy, boy.'"

"And he put his gun to his own head and fired. And that's all I know."

Smoke was still curling up from the ruins. The sun was coming up behind the mountains. And there I saw Danny Daniels lying on the cell floor, ashen-faced, his bony fist

clutching his gun. And James Pardue lay in the bunk, dead, too. And Red Majors and Davis lay on the flags, cold and stiff.

In all, thirteen dead men lay there—eight guards and five convicts.

Weapons? All they had had were three six-shooters and the guard's rifle. Yet they had held off a thousand men.

"A tough bird, Danny," muttered Warden Crawford, looking at the bloody pile on the floor.

The Canon City pen. revolt was ended.

ALEX CRACKS

"Do they serve women at this bar?" asked a lad in the local.

"Blimey, no such luck," I replied. "You have to bring your own."

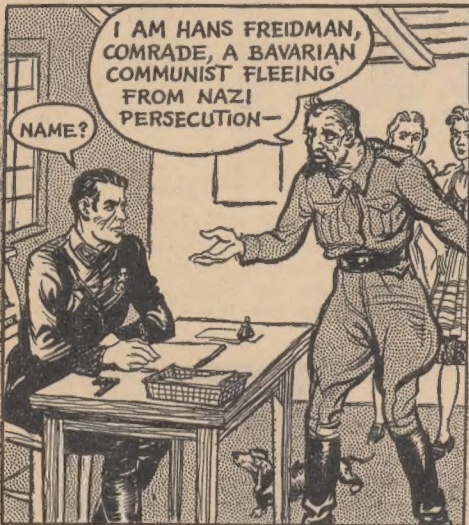
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Suicide.—An Irishman recently spoke of a man who had tried in every way, but couldn't commit suicide to save his life.

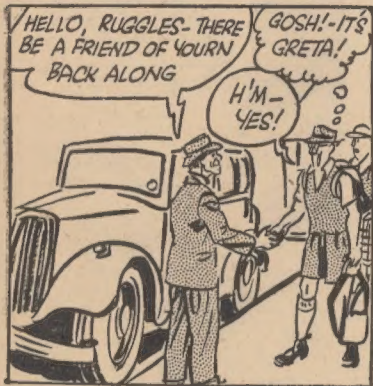
USELESS EUSTACE



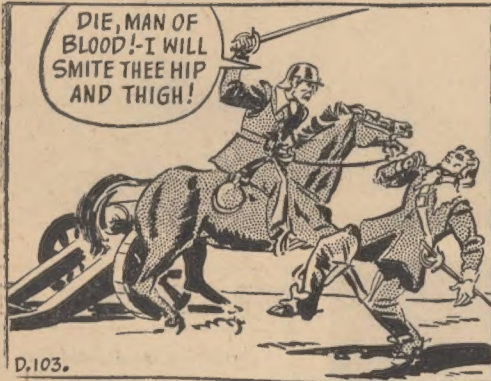
"H'm! His operation's more serious than I thought! He hasn't enough money to pay for it!"



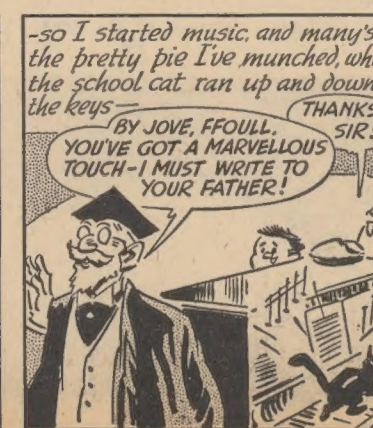
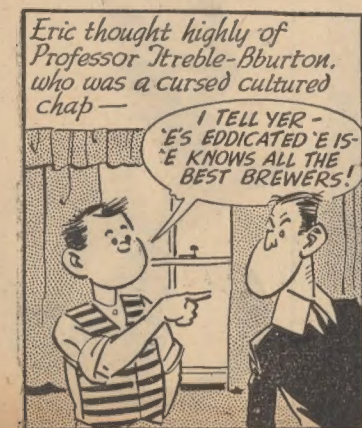
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



"Old Pick Me Toe"

HAVE you ever quaffed a beer in the "Old Pick Me Toe"? If so, you can tell me where it is. I've heard about it, but never been inside it, though it is somewhere in London. Its odd name came, 'tis said, from the legend of a Roman slave who was sent on a mission. On his way he stooped to pick a thorn from his bare foot. For this defection from duty his body, as was one of the ways with slaves, was riddled with arrows.

Accounting for the title of the "Bell and Mackerel" in the Mile End Road is the legend of a simple-minded angler who returned a fish to the water for future use, but, so that he could find it again without difficulty, the scheming Simple Simon fixed a bell to its neck.

You've drunk, of course, at Golden Crosses and Red Crosses, at Turk's Heads and Saracen's Heads. And these, without doubt, are an implication that the original owners had been numbered among the doughty expeditionary forces that sailed forth to fight the Crusades.

Devotion of ex-soldiers to so worthy a cause was often rewarded by this form of entitlement to the general public's patronage.

Conversely, what would the noble order of innkeepers not give to be shot of the title of "publican," so often assigned to them? It savours too much of the publicans whom the Bible habitually classes with sinners.

M. T.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

BOB	OWING	B
AHEAD	NAOMI	
FIELD	TIRES	
FORD	BOLERO	
Y	YEMEN	DIN
V	RISEN	T
BAR	CEDAR	V
ALIGHT	TALE	
SEPIA	WADER	
STOVE	ALIAS	
O	NELLY	OPE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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28		29		30		31		32	
33			34			35			
36						37			
38								39	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Exchange for cash. 5 Funny fellow. 11 Maxim. 12 Girl's name. 13 Female deer. 14 pretend. 15 Pay attention. 17 Mea's. 18 Mud. 20 Mete. 23 Over. 26 Back. 28 East Indies Island. 30 Importance. 35 Instrumentality. 37 Mine entrance. 36 Cloth. 37 Wind instrument. 38 Sprinkles. 39 Act.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Desert. 2 Egress. 3 Stone across door. 4 Vein of ore. 6 Sprite. 7 Tone down. 8 Ash. 9 Put behind bars. 10 Rodents. 14 Fuss. 16 Piano key. 19 Nothing. 21 Road distance. 22 Fruit. 24 Sprinkle. 25 Put here and there. 27 Girl's name. 28 Doorway side. 29 Sell. 31 Striped plaid. 32 African river. 34 Ruminant.

Good Morning

ANN IN FRILLIES



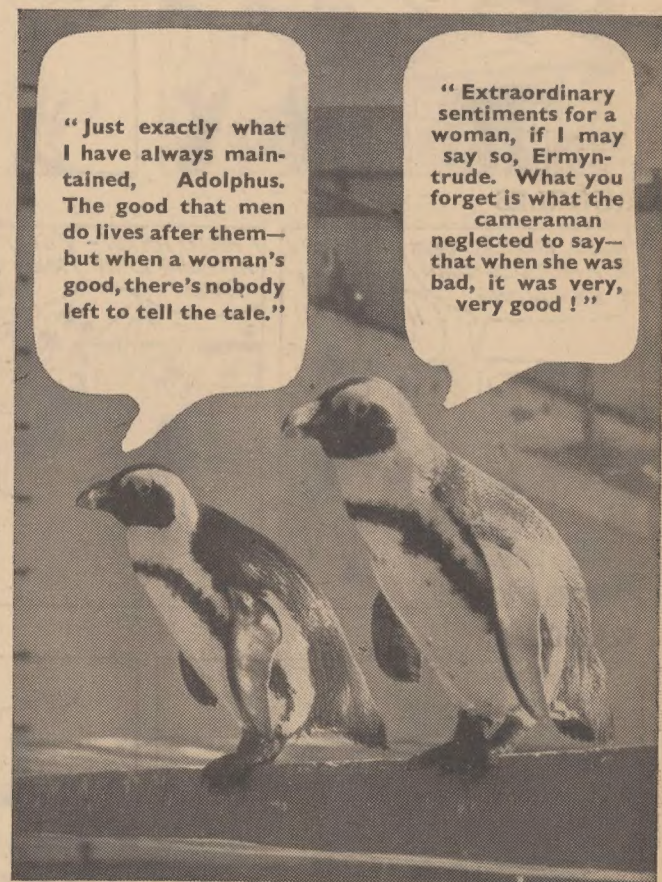
We've asked our confidential man to write to Ann Sothorn for the name of her dress-maker. We are proposing to dress our corps of secretaries in this get-up—it may help to take our mind off our work.



In the flourishing days of the Wiltshire cloth trade the local weavers used to sell their goods under this old market cross at Castle Coombe. Now, of course, in the flourishing days of the brewing trade, the local seekers after truth just sit under it—waiting for the Castle Inn to open.

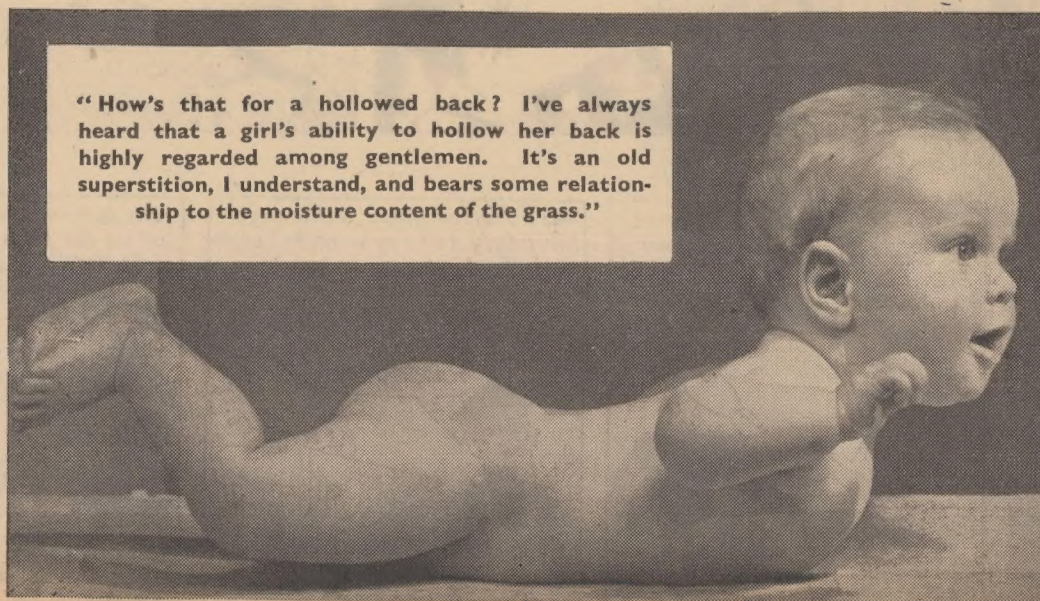


We asked our cameraman about this Spanish beaut with the curl in the middle of her forehead. And he said when she was good, it was horrid!



"Just exactly what I have always maintained, Adolphus. The good that men do lives after them—but when a woman's good, there's nobody left to tell the tale."

"Extraordinary sentiments for a woman, if I may say so, Ermyntre. What you forget is what the cameraman neglected to say—that when she was bad, it was very, very good!"



"How's that for a hollowed back? I've always heard that a girl's ability to hollow her back is highly regarded among gentlemen. It's an old superstition, I understand, and bears some relationship to the moisture content of the grass."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"It's a wise child that always listens to its own mother."

